the sky and clouds, and to understand men as they are, independent of their education and political leanings. I had learned to accept people with all they have of good and evil, strength and weakness. This was very different from the feeling of unity with the crowd that had so elated me in 1905. To be united with the crowd, one does not need to understand individual man. With understanding comes, rather, some remoteness and aloofness. . . .

Much later I realized my experience was similar to that acquired through a long sickness or exposure to danger in the trenches. Nearness to death and helplessness in the face of it are always the same.

Some thirty-five years later, in the United States, I met a man recently liberated from a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp, Alfred Oliver, Jr., a colonel and chaplain in the United States army. He was a tall, heavy man, an athlete, with short gray hair, piercing gentle eyes, and a steel collar about his neck. His vertebrae had been broken and he could not turn or bend his head. We sat on a bench in the garden of a small country boardinghouse. I asked him about the campaign in the Philippines, the death march, the prison camp. He talked about his missionary work in China, the death march, and people who were with him, some two thousand men in prison camp, but said very little about himself. Then I asked him about his steel collar. He answered slowly, choosing the words:

"You see, I was the senior officer in the group. They wished to humiliate me in order to break the morale of my men. They tried to humiliate me by beatings."

I remarked, "All jailers think they can humiliate a prisoner by mistreatment. They do not know that it is much worse for a man to see mistreatment of those who depend on him and not to be able to intervene."

The chaplain asked gently, "Where did you learn that? You were not there."

"I have been in other prisons," I answered.

A strange closeness developed between the gallant soldier-priest and me, a closeness that lasted to his death. Very different roads brought us to captivity, but our experience in an important section of our lives had been the same, and in captivity each of us had learned the same things.